

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MY REMINISCENCES. By Lord RONALD GOWER. 16mo. pp. 322. Roberts Brothers.

The son of the late beautiful and high-minded Duchess of Sutherland should be a man of artistic tastes and refined sentiments; and of these qualities Lord Ronald Gower's pleasant volume proves him to be the possessor. His life has not been very long—he is only thirty-nine—and not very eventful; but he has known many famous and interesting people and writes of them frankly and generally with good taste. Much of his book has to do with Lord Beaconsfield, who had the odd habit—smacking of the old-old-man—of calling the author "Dearest" without prefix or suffix. Lord Ronald describes the ex-Premier in his later days as taking his retirement rather bitterly and with gibes and jeers at his successor. Of Bismarck, whom he admired and personally liked, Beaconsfield said one day: "He is one of the few men that at my age I have been able to feel real attachment for; but all that is over now, and were he come to England I should not ask to see him; there is no such thing as sympathy or sentiment between statesmen. I have failed and he would not care to see me nor I him." When the newspaper arrived containing Mr. Gladstone's letter thanking the public for their sympathy for him during his illness, it roused his rival's acid humor. "Did you ever hear anything like that?" said he. "It reminds one of the Pope blessing all the world from the baleen of St. Peter's?" All that Lord Ronald tells us of his friend speaks of a man who suffered more than he enjoyed. "Life is an *enough* or an *anxiety*," he said sadly when they parted for the last time at Highglen. "My idea of a happy future state is one of those long midsummer days, when one dines at nine o'clock."

There are pleasant glimpses here and there of Mr. Gladstone—the pleasantest perhaps is that showing him in a country house "pouring out such floods of agreeable knowledge all day and singing beautifully in the evening." At Cambridge, Lord Ronald spent much time with delightful old Professor Sedgwick, whom he describes as being very fond of a smart dressing-gown he wore, and alluding to it constantly in the midst of geological and other talk. The old professor was "a living page of history," and loved to talk of former times, and especially of Byron at the University. "We used," he said, "you know, in 1803 to wear tights and knee-breeches, generally black, but sometimes colored. Some of us still wore hair in powder, many with it flowing down the back. Byron was peculiar for wearing loose trousers down to the shoe, in order to conceal the deformed leg. He was unpopular, taciturn in manner, and only had three or four friends. His head was very handsome, the features classical in their regularity. No one thought when he died he would acquire." Lord Ronald writes of visits paid to Garibaldi; of interviews with Carlyle and Tennyson, and the Empress Eugenie; and he gives various agreeable domestic pictures of the future ruler of England and his wife. He quotes his sister, Constance Westminster, as writing after the recovery of the Prince from his dangerous illness: "I cannot say what an emotion it was seeing the Prince and Princess. They were both too nice. He is much thinner, and head-shaven, but very unaltered in face, and so graceful—so touched at Lucia (Lady Birogi) and I being there to see them arrive. We had tea with them. She looks thin and worn, but so affectionately—tears in her eyes, talking of him; and his manner to her so gentle. The two boys gave him a good cheer; the old porter at the gate at the Castle could hardly speak. When I remarked to him that the Prince looked wonderfully well after he had passed, he answered, 'Yes, indeed, my lady, doesn't he look beautiful?'

Lord Ronald is a good traveller, always looking on the bright side of things. He is too much a man of the world to have the faults of his travelling countrymen. "No wonder," he says, "that we English are so cordially disliked wherever we go. There is nothing more insolent to a foreigner than an English civilian, unless he be a military Englishman." The conclusions in regard to Americans are so just a critic is worth quoting:

"For instance, if one entered a room in a club or one was not met by those assembled with a smile, the Dash is this person whom none of us know & what the Dash does he here?—and if one looks & sees that one's own countryman, or even one's own countryman, is a great swash-buckler, who is one-greeted with the same British stare which, in this country of singular prejudice and arrogant assumption, conveys as plainly as words the question, 'What the mischief do you mean by speaking to me without waiting for an introduction?'

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